



The
Quill

QUEENS COLLEGE
BULLETIN

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The Quill

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To

Miss Laura Tillett

Without whom there would be no "Quill"
We gratefully dedicate this book

Jar

ANN EMERSON

JAR—his real name was Jonathan Jarmen Fraser III—compressed his young lips into an unpleasant line and his forehead into a deep scowl, both of which sat strangely on his eighteen-year-old face. He was wielding his military brushes upon his highly lacquered brown hair in vigorous backward strokes from his well shaped if forbidding forehead. His ire was due to the fact that he could plainly hear his mother talking to Madeline Erskine's mother on the telephone.

"Yes," he heard his mother say, "I read in the paper that Madeline had brought a classmate home for the holiday." Jar had read the article too, with resentful forebodings. Last summer when Madeline had formed an unabashed crush on him it had flattered his vanity highly, particularly since she was an older woman—she was two months his senior. But he was expecting blonde company in town over the holiday. Madeline needn't think she was plastering any "taken" signs on him. Nor did he expect to be encumbered with any more of those visiting clucks Madeline was always dragging home with her from that dumb girls' college she attended.

"Yes, Jar is home too," his mother was saying. "Got in last night. Well, I don't know, Vera. He has to help his father some in the office." A note of caution was creeping into good old Mom's voice. In Jar's parlance she wasn't sticking her neck out. "But I know he'll be rushing over the first chance he gets." Jar made a frightful grimace at his mirrored reflection. "You know how these boys are when there are pretty girls around." Mrs. Fraser's voice held a heartening note of confidence she did not actually feel. But she and Vera Erskine were good friends, and she didn't intend to allow any of Jar's fickle emotions to come between them.

As she ceased talking, Jar emerged from his room, his thin broad-shouldered body propelling itself down the stairs with the effortless grace of a rubber ball.

"Now you've done it, mother," he said accusingly. "You've gone and told old Mad's mother I'm home. Gee, I won't have a bit of peace all the rest of this vacation. I'll bet this guest is something special from the zoo again. The last one could have doubled for Kate Smith. Danced on my feet instead of the floor. Practically gave me fallen arches," he finished angrily.

The telephone rang. "Say I'm not home, mother; say I'm not home," yelled Jar frantically. His worst fears were realized.

"Yes, he is here, Madeline." Mrs. Fraser glanced hesitantly at her son. The hideous pantomime her fledgling was contorting himself into caused Mrs. Fraser to say firmly, "But he is just sitting down to his breakfast; I'll have him call you, dear."

She hung up the telephone, steered her irate child into the breakfast room, and proceeded to assuage his choler with a huge meal of scrambled eggs, sausage, and hot biscuits.

His masculine reaction to this ancient form of cajolery caused him to greet the inevitable sight of the Erskine sedan with some degree of equanimity when it drew up to his front door, just as he was emerging some thirty minutes later. Mrs. Fraser, peeping from the window with mingled exasperation and pride, saw him gallantly accept defeat as he resignedly crawled into the front seat with the two girls.

Jar looked the guest over. Not as bad as the last one. A nice size. Wore glasses with those tricky shaped frames. Made her look kind of cute, or owlsh, depending on who was doing the looking. Jar thought she looked owlsh. Having decided this important issue, he bent a not entirely bored ear to Madeline's geyser of conversation. She was having a party tonight, some people in to meet Joan; she was delighted he was home in time to come; (Jar let the point pass uncontested as his blonde heart throb was not due in town for two more days) Joan and she hadn't slept any last night; Joan had imagined she could hear people walking around in the house, so they had kept the light on all night and talked and smoked until daylight, when they discovered a loose tree branch had made the noise. Then they had caught some sleep. Jar interestedly noticed Madeline and Joan were both chain smoking, a fact he was certain her mother didn't know because Mad was majoring in voice and two cigarettes per day were her quota.

That evening Jar prepared in orthodox fashion for the party. His hair shone; his linen was impeccable; the crease in his pants down his lean, lithe legs was sharply defined. His mother often sighed her relief that he, and she, had finally lived through the studied sloppiness of high-school years.

But, aside from attiring himself correctly, Jar became in behavior extremely unorthodox for a potential guest. It was already fifteen minutes past the designated hour when he stepped from the door. He was walking. Since the last fender accident his father had requested him (an inadequate description of the conversation) not to use the family car any more in the evening. He proceeded to the corner drug store, drank a coke, and mentioned to Jimmy he was on his way to the grill. At the grill he let fall that he was stopping in at the Soda Shoppe. Since Madeline had assumed the male prerogative of doing the stalking, he always generously left her a good warm trail if he really wanted to spend the evening with her. If not, a Roanoke Indian couldn't have been more cunning in covering up his footsteps. Madeline, her car full of guests who had arrived more punctually than Jar, caught up with him at the Snack Shop, where he was practicing intricate dance steps to the tune of a juke box.

Arrived back at Madeline's home, the party progressed satisfactorily. The refreshments were delicious and ample, the crowd was congenial, and the new dance records were his favorite recordings. Moreover, Jar was thoughtfully considering the new girl, Joan Reynolds. When the record player blew a fuse, plunging the basement playroom into momentary darkness, she gave a nervous scream. It recalled to Jar what Madeline had said about the broken tree branch.

He delighted Madeline by remaining behind for a cigarette after the other guests were gone.

"Funny," said he, lolling on his back in his chair, his legs thrust out in front of him, "but I never noticed that door into the coal cellar open before. I'm sure it was closed when we came down here. Did you open it, Mad?"

"Why no," said Mad, puzzled.

"Oh, where—who could have done it?" asked Joan nervously. She wished desperately she were upstairs where Mr. and Mrs. Erskine were playing bridge with another couple.

"Oh, someone simply forgot to latch it properly," said Jar benevolently. "I say, though, Mad, did you put your cold hand on my cheek when the light was off a while ago?"

"No-o," said Madeline, shivering a bit. "And I don't believe anybody else did either, Jar Fraser. Stop this nonsense. You are frightening Joan."

"There is nothing to be frightened about," said Jar largely. "Professor Bell told me I am decidedly psychic. Said if there are any spirits around, they will cluster around me and try to communicate with me. I say now, wouldn't it be out of this world if one of those miners who were buried alive in the old mine under this house is wandering around tonight. I bet there isn't another person in the house he would come near but me," he said boastfully, "unless it is someone I happened to be talking to."

"What utter nonsense," Madeline derided. "Old mine. Where ever did you hear of such a place, if you did?"

"Oh, yes," declared Jar nonchalantly. "Yes, indeed. I was reading an old book about this town. The elevation this house stands on was once a pile of slack from the mine. Seems it caved in one day and buried two old miners alive, with two mules and a dog. Or was it three mules?" said Jar with the air of one to whom accuracy meant everything.

The lights chose this exact moment to go off, plunging the room into inky darkness. Fortunately they came on again before Madeline and Joan broke their limbs as they stampeded the stairs. As Madeline nursed a bruised elbow and Joan examined a gash in her one pair of nylons, they turned to regard Jar with baleful eyes.

That lad, unperturbed by their wrathful glares, was gazing fixedly into space. He seemed to be listening to something. Irresistibly of course the girls strained to listen too. "I thought for a minute I could hear a dog wailing," said he, "and, funny, but it sounded as though it came from under this floor. You know," conversationally, "some houses have a delightful evil atmosphere and others a prosaic, friendly one." There was little doubt that Madeline's abode came under the former category. "Now let's all sit back down. If one of us feels a cold draft on his face, or an icy hand on his back, it's a signal from the spirit world. You girls sit where you are going to, and I'll turn out the lights so the spirit can communicate with me."

Jar turned out the lights, but the playroom was empty except for himself. The girls had rushed upstairs and hurled themselves so precipitately into the bridge-game bounds that Mrs. Erskine looked at them in annoyed surprise.

It was two days before Jar heard any repercussions from the evening. Then they came via a telephone conversation Mrs. Fraser had had with Mrs. Erskine.

"Vera says," reported Mrs. Fraser, "that there is something going on around that house she doesn't understand. The guest is in a highly nervous condition, and her tension is beginning to affect Madeline. The girls talk all night, both pile into one twin bed to sleep, and by the pile of cigarette stubs in the morning, she can't understand how one girl ever smokes them all, unless she smokes three at a time. If she didn't know Madeline rarely smokes, she would think some of them were hers. Why, Vera says sometimes she finds herself walking around the house with a girl on either side of her, each

clutching her on the shoulders. They will scoot suddenly into a room where she is as though something were pursuing them, and they barricade their bedroom door at night so effectively that they would certainly perish if the house caught on fire. And another thing," and a note of indignation crept into his mother's voice, "Joan has taken an unexplained dislike to you. Vera said Madeline started to call you to ask you to come over last evening and that Joan all but demolished the telephone to keep her from doing so. Do you have any idea why she should feel that way, dear?"

"Sounds goofy to me," said Jar, his outward appearance giving no inkling of the inward complacency he felt. "You know, I told you old Mad knows how to pick 'em when it comes to house-guests. Say Mom, has my green and red plaid sport shirt come home from the cleaners yet? I'm meeting a very special friend on the eleven o'clock bus."

England is a Song

B. JEAN FANT

All the maps of England
Show her broad and long,
But maps are never quite correct,
For England is a song.

A song of wind in willows,
Of surf that beats the shore,
Of men who laugh as they go to die
To the tune of a cannon's roar.

Sometimes it is a melody
That only the great can know,
That whispers words for a poet's pen,
Or tells a wanderer, "Go."

Often it is a battle song
Ringing through the night,
Calling men from peace to war
To join in freedom's fight.

It's a song of children's laughter
As they play upon a lawn,
Of splendor and of greatness
In days that now are gone.

But if its tune has shadows
Of greatness in the past,
Its rhythm is a steady light
Of glory that will last.

England's a song of triumph
That echoes from each hill,
And in the hearts that love her
It never shall be still.

The United Nations

ROSEMARY HAMRICK

ON JUNE 26, 1945, a great event in the history of the world took place at San Francisco when the representatives of fifty nations signed the United Nations Charter. For centuries men have dreamed of some forceful way to maintain international peace. They have tried to develop friendly relations among nations and bring about economic and social cooperation, but they have failed. This time, however, the nations are determined to succeed in devising a plan for a lasting peace. In connection with the peace plans the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt made the following statement:

Around the peace table the voice of the United States will have great weight. It is of tremendous importance that that voice shall represent the aspirations of a people determined that mankind everywhere shall go forward to its destiny. The soul of that destiny is maximum freedom of the human spirit.¹

And so, in order to secure a lasting peace, nations proceeded to draw up a series of basic documents which led to the formation of the United Nations Charter.

The Atlantic Charter of August, 1941, was the first of these basic documents. In this Charter the late President Roosevelt and the former Prime Minister Winston Churchill made known certain common principles and purposes in their eight-point plan: first, their countries seek no aggrandizement; second, they desire no territorial changes unless the people want them; third, all people have the right to choose their form of government; fourth, they will try to give all states the trade and raw materials needed for economic prosperity; fifth, they desire to improve labor standards and economic advancement; sixth, they desire to see a peace which will insure the security of the people; seventh, they desire to see freedom of the seas; eighth, they believe nations should abandon force. In general, the purpose of the Atlantic Charter was to prevent aggression, tyranny, fear, and want.

Another of the basic documents was the Declaration by United Nations. Representatives of twenty-six countries met at the White House on January 1, 1942, and signed the Declaration. It stated that each of the twenty-six governments pledged itself to use its full resources in defeating the Axis, and that each government would not make a separate peace with the enemies.

The third foundation for the United Nations Charter was the Lend-Lease Act passed by Congress in March, 1941. Because of the agreements made in the Declaration of the United Nations, it was necessary that the countries fighting against the Axis powers have defense supplies. And through the Lend-Lease Act the United States was able to send the supplies to her allies. In turn, the countries aided in the defense of the United States.

¹"Joint Declarations of the United Nations," *War and Peace Aims*, (January 30, 1943) p. 53.

After these basic documents laid the foundation for the United Nations, the pathway to San Francisco was made by a long series of conferences which were held between October 1943 and April 1945. Some of these conferences were small meetings held to discuss arising problems in the allied countries. Some of these conferences, however, were United Nations conferences destined to mold some of our most specific organizations.

One of the first of these conferences was held at Moscow in October of 1943. Here the foreign ministers and heads of the governments of the United States, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, and China met and signed the Declaration of Four Nations on General Security. This document stated that these nations would act together in maintaining peace and in governing the matters relating to the surrender of the enemy.

Another important conference was held at Teheran, where Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin again voiced their efforts to promote a lasting peace. After these two conferences the United Nations held other conferences at which they established some permanent organizations.

First, there was the conference on food and agricultural problems which met in Hot Springs, Virginia, in May, 1943. At this meeting there were representatives from forty-four United and Associated Nations. They appointed a commission to establish some kind of permanent organization to deal with the problems of food and nutrition after the war. In August 1944 the commission announced its results—the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. The main object of this organization will be to improve the food production and distribution.

Following this conference representatives of the forty-four United and Associated Nations met in Washington on November 9, 1943, in order to organize the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. This organization is composed of a council, a central committee, and a staff headed by a director-general. Under the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration homes can be restored, people can be fed, and production can begin.

The most important in this series of conferences, however, was that one held at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. From August 21 to October 7, 1944, representatives of the United States and the United Kingdom met with representatives from Russia and China for the purpose of organizing an international organization to secure a lasting peace. This conference resulted in the drawing up of certain proposals which, with a few changes and additions, later became part of the United Nations Charter.

In 1945 another important conference, the Crimea Conference, met at Yalta. At this meeting the late President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin, and former Prime Minister Churchill discussed plans concerning the occupation and control of Germany. They also agreed that the conference of the United Nations would convene in San Francisco on April 25, 1945.

So about ten weeks later delegates and representatives from fifty nations gathered at San Francisco for the tremendous job of forming a United Nations Charter. These nations were Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Byelorussia, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador, Ethiopia, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Liberia, Luxembourg, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippine Commonwealth, Saudi Arabia,

Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, Union of South Africa, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, United Kingdom, United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The United Nations Charter as drawn up at the San Francisco Conference is divided into six main organs: namely, the General Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, the International Court of Justice, and the Secretariat.

The General Assembly is composed of all the members of the United Nations, but each member cannot have more than five representatives. Each member in the Assembly shall have one vote, and decisions will be made by a two-thirds majority. The members are free to discuss any matter at the annual meetings of the General Assembly. One of the main topics of discussion in the General Assembly will be the maintenance of international peace and security including the regulation of armaments. If the General Assembly feels that the international peace is endangered, it can call on the Security Council. Reports from the Security Council are brought to the General Assembly by the Secretary-General. The General Assembly handles the financial arrangements, divides the expenses of the organization among the members, and considers and approves the budget.

The second important organ of the United Nations Charter is the Security Council. Because the people are interested in peace, they are more concerned with the Security Council. It has two important functions: to promote peaceful settlement of disputes and to prevent or stop aggression. The Council will be composed of eleven members of which China, France, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and the United Kingdom will be the five permanent members. The six non-permanent members will be elected by the General Assembly to serve for two-year terms. All disputes are to be settled peacefully—by negotiation, mediation, arbitration, or judicial action. If a dispute cannot be settled by these means, the Security Council may ask the United Nations to break off with the nation causing the disturbance. Some additional powers of the Security Council will be to participate in the election of judges to the International Court of Justice and to recommend new members to the General Assembly.

The Economic and Social Council is composed of eighteen members elected by the General Assembly for three-year terms. Each member shall have one vote, and the decisions will be made by a majority vote. The purpose of this Council is to solve economic, social, humanitarian, and cultural problems. It studies any subject in its field and makes reports to the General Assembly. Other functions of the Economic and Social Council are to supply certain information for the Security Council, to call international conferences, to form technical commissions, and to work with specialized agencies.

The fourth organ of the United Nations Charter is the Trusteeship Council. This Council will consist of one representative from each of the United Nations which administer trust territories. Each member shall have one vote, and decisions shall be made by a majority of the members present. The purposes of this Council are to promote peace, to promote economic, social, and educational advancement of the inhabitants of trust territories, to encourage the respect for human rights, and to insure equal treatment. The functions of the Council are to receive reports from trustees of certain territories, to accept petitions from trust territories, and to visit trust territories.

The principal judicial organ of the United Nations Charter is the International Court of Justice. The fifteen judges that are elected by the General

Assembly and Security Council will deal with legal questions, and only states can appear before it.

The last important organ of the Charter is the Secretariat. It is composed of a Secretary-General, who is appointed by the General Assembly, and a staff. The duties of the Secretariat will be to prepare for conferences, draft reports, carry on the correspondence, register treaties, and prepare budgets.

Will the United Nations succeed in securing international peace, or will it fail as the League of Nations did?

The United Nations Charter is different from the League of Nations. One of the main differences is in the setting up of the United Nations and the League of Nations. The countries started working on the United Nations before the war came to an end. The Atlantic Charter was formulated even before the entrance of the United States into the Second World War, but Wilson's fourteen points came after the beginning of the First World War. There were many conferences of the representatives of the United Nations which led to the formation of the United Nations Charter, but the committee designed to formulate the League of Nations met only a few times.² The United Nations Charter makes more definite provisions than the League did. The Security Council has no job but security, but the League Council had many more tasks. Unanimous vote is not required in any of the United Nations bodies as it was in the League Assembly. The League of Nations had no Economic and Social Council as the United Nations has. In the United Nations the International Court is to be a part of the organization.

The future of the Charter will depend upon its strength. Mr. Herbert Hoover says that the Charter alone will not promote a lasting peace. He says that the strength of the Charter lies in the preamble. Mr. Hoover further states that one of the main weaknesses of the Charter is that no positive Bill of Rights for nations and men is given.³

The first General Assembly meeting began January 10, 1946, in London. The topic for discussion at that meeting was the selection of the site of the United Nations. After much discussion the nations approved unanimously of the Westchester-Fairfield area of New York and Connecticut as permanent headquarters for the United Nations. After the site for the United Nations was chosen, the Assembly decided to admit the World Federation of Trade Unions, International Cooperative Alliance, and the American Federation of Labor to consultative status within the United Nations,⁴ but not to active membership.

The world has taken a great step towards a lasting international organization—the United Nations Charter. Nations are tired of war. Countries have been destroyed. Lives have been lost. Surely, nations are ready for a lasting peace. Of course, the success of the Charter will depend upon the co-operation of the nations and people. The Charter is not complete. But the strength of this United Nations Charter can bring world security if the peoples of all nations are willing to cooperate.

²James T. Shotwell, "Setting the Pattern for Peace," *Peace is a Process*, (November, 1944) pp. 53-60.

³Herbert Hoover, "Progress Toward Enduring Peace," *Vital Speeches of the Day*, (August 15, 1945).

⁴John A. Parris, "Nations Urged to Help Block Global Famine," *The Charlotte Observer*, (February 15, 1946.)

‘Auf Wiedersehen’

GRACE LYONS

SERGEANT JAMES McCONNELL closed the door to the apartment house and walked slowly down its five steps, pausing on the last one to light a cigarette. In the brief glare from the lighter his face with its square features shone without expression, disturbed only by a slight frown as he shielded the flame from a breeze playing through the shadows of the night. It was spring. The sergeant inhaled deeply, blew a long spray of smoke toward the stars, and turning left, walked slowly down the street toward the moon hovering over the barracks.

The street was teeming with men in uniform out for one last fling at what the town had to offer in the way of gayety—wine, women, and song. And why not? Tomorrow would find them restricted to their barracks—then Friday morning, the troop train carrying them to the crowded, dirty transport, and long days at sea with little space and no facilities for making the hours pass quickly. Two privates and a first lieutenant were giving a lusty serenade to a lamp post, all three as high as kites. An earnest-faced, good-looking young corporal was standing in the shadowed doorway of a department store with a girl. They were holding hands, not talking, just looking at each other, unconscious of the din about them. The sergeant felt a surge of sympathy and quickly looked away as they embraced suddenly, tenderly. Most of the soldiers had girls—they weren't hard to find—and a steady stream of laughing couples banged in and out of the noisy cafes and bars.

Momentarily the sergeant hesitated before the open door of a bar, but then with a shrug shouldered his way through the crowd, good-naturedly shaking off the friendly hands that urged him to join the fun. He walked on alone, looking even taller than his five feet, eleven inches because of his broad shoulders, narrow flat hips, and long swinging stride so characteristic of the American college athlete. Only a hint of black curly hair showed below his cap which shaded a pair of grey eyes that were known among his buddies for their level look and their light of genuine love for people and decent living. Sergeant Jimmy McConnell from Maine asked nothing more from life than an opportunity to finish his course at medical school, start his own practice in a fair-sized town, and marry the girl he loved. The war had already swallowed up two of his twenty-three years, and it looked as though it might not stop there, even though it had spent itself months ago.

The hardest part of all was leaving Anna. Anna! At the sound of her name in his thoughts Jimmy's steps hesitated, as though his whole being stopped and waited expectantly at the thought of her. Anna! What words were there to describe her blonde loveliness? Her long straight hair like shining taffy which she wore in a coronet of thick braids; her eyes, truly her most beautiful possession, of a shade of blue that poets would call violet, were the

mirror of her soul: you had only to look into them to find her happiness, her pain, her love; and her mouth with its lower lip full and moist was the kind you like to watch in conversation.

Funny how they had both seemed to know how it was going to be from the start—like the stuff popular songs are made of. A dance sponsored by the Red Cross—the beginning; a transport ship two months later—the end. Even now his palms grew moist when he remembered how close he had come to missing her. Bill Kirkland and Ted Mason had finally persuaded him to go that Saturday night. Heck, man, there would be girls and music and beer—nothing harmful in that. So he had tagged along, but spent most of the evening at the bar, sipping beer and watching the others dance. It was to be over at midnight, and it had been almost eleven when he had seen her. She must have been there all the time, but it was easy not to have seen her before on the crowded floor. She was dancing with a private when he noticed her. At first his glance drifted away, but he found it drawn back again and again, too often for his own comfort. Dressed in a simple black dress with a v-neck ending in one sparkling ornament, with her beautiful hair clean and lustrous, and her face only slightly but artfully touched with make-up, she was one of the few girls there that night who reminded the homesick dough-boys of “the girl back home”—and they certainly were making her aware of it! Once, in turning with her partner, her eyes had flickered over Jimmy and then had rested on his. A hesitant smile tugged at her lips, and then broke. Jimmy saw that she had missed something her partner had said, and watched her hastily give him her attention again. It was as though two friends had met unexpectedly and smiled across a crowded room until they could come to each other. Then Jimmy had cut in.

That had been two short months ago, with red hearts around so few days in between. They hadn't wasted time on much formality. Both knew Jimmy's stay in Anna's home-town was short, and his heart had been torn between the ecstasy of having found her and the torment of their inevitable parting.

The next afternoon after the dance Jimmy had called on Anna at her apartment house home and had met her family—her mother and father, aged beyond their rightful years by the hard work of war time; and Helene, Anna's thirteen-year-old sister, forced into hard maturity by her share of a world at war. Karl and William, two brothers near Jimmy's age, had both been killed in the war. Jimmy expected to find disillusionment and bitterness in this home, but if it was there, it was well hidden. Quickly they took him into their hearts, and he grew fond of them.

And Anna. Anna had accepted and returned his love in a simple and direct way that thrilled him as he had never thrilled before. In the same manner she gave him the story of her life; and understanding and admiration were added to his love for this girl of twenty-one with a woman's experience at living. When the war broke Anna had been a first-year student at the university, burning with the passion to be a college professor, for through education, the right kind of well-rounded education, she believed lay the way to world security and prosperity. But all of this was given up for a job in a war plant, at which she had worked mechanically until the war had ended. And now the possibility of taking up her studies again seemed slim, made even more so by her obligation to her aging parents and to the education of Helene.

All of this she had shared with Jimmy, and he in turn brought her with him into all of his dreams and plans. They knew moments of high joy when they wondered at the ecstasy of living; and they knew moments of low despair when they feared the uncertainty of living.

They loved as only youth can love in the desperation of racing time and hopeless separation. Marriage was impossible—the circumstances against it so strong that arguing was futile. And yet they argued, going over and over each point until they were exhausted. They had even thought of a secret marriage, but at length faced the impossibility of that too.

And then this morning the orders had come through—swiftly and suddenly as Jimmy had known they would. So he and Anna had had their last evening together.

The last few hours, instead of passing quickly, had dragged—neither had been able to find words adequate for the occasion, and their bodies seemed leadened with an awful dread.

When the hour came, Jimmy had held her lightly and tenderly, wondering at the clearness of her eyes and loving her for her bravery.

“Don’t forget me, Jimmy,” she had begged. “Write to me, Jimmy; please write. You won’t forget the address?”

And finally—

“Good-bye, Jimmy. *Auf Wiedersehen!*”

And he had left her. Forget her? Forget Anna? Never! Through the long years before him Jim McConnell knew that he could never forget Anna Schmidt of

Apartment 9
Nuren Street 21
Heidelberg, Germany



Thomas Wolfe, Lost Genius

SUE KEENAN

ONE OF NORTH CAROLINA'S greatest writers, in fact, one of the nation's greatest writers, Thomas Wolfe, probably created more stir in the nation and in his native state with his writings than any other writer who has stalked across the literary field in the past few decades. Instead of accepting his writings as beautiful prose, masterly sketches, and powerful revelations of the mysteries of unfolding youth, manhood, and life itself, people in Asheville tore his books to shreds in an effort to find some uncomplimentary reference to themselves or to their families. His greatest acclaim came first from avid and appreciative readers in states other than North Carolina who realized that sparks of genius were lodged in this naive giant and were waiting to be fanned into an all enveloping, whitehot flame.

On a crisp autumn morning, October 3, 1900, in the land of mist-hidden peaks and mountains, Asheville, North Carolina, Thomas Wolfe was born. He was born to rhetoric. His stonecutter father, William Oliver Wolfe, tramped around the house declaiming Hamlet's soliloquy and chanting the cadenced lines of Marc Anthony's funeral oration. His mother, Julia Elizabeth Westall Wolfe, ran a boarding house, and, one year, taught Tom at home. Tom, it is said, learned to read at the age of three, and he started to school at the age of four. When he was sixteen, he finished a private school in Asheville and went to the University of North Carolina. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina when he was twenty years of age, and then he went to Harvard for three years. While he was at Harvard, he tried to find a producer for his plays; but, failing in this, he became an English instructor at New York University.

When he received a Guggenheim Foundation award in 1930, he resigned the position he had held for six years at the Washington Square College. During summer vacations he had been going abroad and writing plays. In 1924 in England, he began his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*. An editor of *Scribner's*, Mr. Maxwell Perkins, took Wolfe in hand like a father, and together they boiled the vast amount of material down to novel length. After publication of his first book, he explored his inner domain, and his second great book poured forth in torrents. It was *Of Time and the River*. This book also bore the earmarks of Mr. Perkins' editing. We find Tom Wolfe accepting of his own accord the discipline imposed upon him by this editor. Mr. Perkins remained Wolfe's guide and friend until Wolfe's untimely death of pneumonia September 15, 1938, at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland.

After Wolfe's death stories about him started springing up. Wherever he went he left a Tom Wolfe legend behind. At Chapel Hill he was, unconsciously, almost a cult. There they still talk of his vitality for prodigious

work, of the hundreds of plays that he wrote "just for practice,"¹ and of his appetite for reading and for food. Everywhere he left a record of beds always too short, clothing too small, and steaks never wide enough or thick enough. At Cambridge they remember a man who tried to read his way through the entire Harvard library—and came amazingly near succeeding. His Gargantuan figure has been the subject of many stories. He towered six feet and six inches in height, and just before his death he weighed two hundred and forty-five pounds. His long, black, slightly curly hair was always mussed and unruly. His strong, shapely hands had a nervous habit of crumpling his hat. Above his determined chin there was a mouth—full lower lip, thin upper lip—that gave the stamp of determination to his whole face. The strong, beautiful nose; the dark eyes that always held a lost, but far-seeing look; the heavy, almost straight brows; the high cheek bones; and the broad, high forehead composed this distinguished, never-to-be-forgotten face. In his face could be seen the determination, the energy, the passion, and the knowledge which was Tom Wolfe.

His spirit was as sensitive as his mind was brilliant. Twenty-four hours after his first book, *Look Homeward, Angel*, hit Asheville, the population was gasping. Their disapproval, however, did not cramp his reputation or his efforts, but it hurt him deeply—so deeply that he did not return to Asheville for eight years after the publication of this novel.² And during these eight years he received many recriminating letters. One old lady who had known him during his childhood wrote him that she would have no qualms about seeing his "big overgrown karkus dragged across the public square."³ His spirit, mind, body, and soul were forever reaching out, ever groping for new truths, ever searching for new experiences. Tom Wolfe was possessed of an insatiable hunger for truth. He was permeated with the gusto of living; he was obsessed with feverish energy and passion, with keen perception, with an honest philosophy, with a poignant loneliness, frustration, with a throbbing pain and tenderness. With his mind and spirit he caught the tempo of American life—the deep and stirring rhythm of the myriad details of American existence. His was a deeply religious spirit. He had a passionate sympathy for the underprivileged, and the oppressed always found in him a champion. He had a deep moral conviction, and he loathed hypocrisy and corruption. He fought the elements which crushed the soul and spirit of man, and he loved any manifestation of the "brotherhood of man" philosophy.

He was all this, and he was lonely. In New York at a tea at the home of an ex-wife of a senator, Tom Wolfe met the poet, Edgar Lee Masters. At that time Wolfe was hunting for a place to live; so he asked Mr. Masters where he was staying. Mr. Masters told him that he was staying at the Chelsea Hotel in New York. And after further inquiry, Wolfe decided to move to the Chelsea to be near Mr. Masters. The poet says that Wolfe was genial, but troubled. Often he would come to Mr. Masters' room and "talk in gushing torrents" about his work, his loneliness, and the agents who had cheated him. He was working all the time, but usually did most of his writing at night. Mr. Masters says that he remembered him best as he saw him coming to the hotel one night—"big as a mountain, he came weaving through the crowds."⁴

¹R. P. Harriss, "A Memoir of Thomas Wolfe" *Charlotte Observer*.

²Gertrude S. Carraway, "Thomas Wolfe Looks Homeward."

³Editors Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard J. Haycraft, *Twentieth Century Authors*, (New York, 1941), p. 1543.

⁴Edgar Lee Masters, personal interview.

Once again we see this man as a true colossus in body and in writing. It seems almost an impossibility for one man to turn out the wordage in long hand on ledger sheets that Thomas Wolfe did. Several minor reputations might indeed have been made from the material he threw away—sketches, essays, plays, poems, short stories, bits of novels.

It is through his novels that we come to know the real genius of Thomas Wolfe. *Look Homeward, Angel* begins with the marriage of a man from Pennsylvania, a stone-cutter, to a woman from the Carolina hills who has a flair for real estate investment. The man is a drunkard and a dreamer with artistic temperament not fully expressed in carving angels. The woman is a miser willing to sacrifice her whole family for money. Their children are the victims of this conflict of ideals, and they grow up to repudiate, in one way or another, the parents who made life so unpleasant for them all. The central character is Eugene Gant (Thomas Wolfe). He is his father's son, artist and dreamer, a sprawling, overgrown fellow, overflowing with energy and ambition. He is abnormally susceptible to all impressions, physical and moral. His sensitive soul is witness to the dramas and cruelties of life in his town. He delivers papers, and he is subjected to contacts in his mother's boarding house. He goes to school and memorizes the great lyric poetry of England; he attends the state university, suffers humiliation at the hands of older boys; his mind is freed from narrow Southern prejudices. At the university he is initiated into vice; he has delusions of grandeur; he has his adolescent love affairs; he suffers the death of his brother, Ben, and the mortal sickness of his father. Then he says good-by to his mother and takes the train to Boston and Harvard.

His second novel, *Of Time and the River*, begins where the earlier story leaves off. Eugene Gant is now determined to gain all knowledge. He studies play-writing. He is called home to the deathbed of his father. He falls under the spell of the drama professor's assistant, Francis Starwick, who in his estimation stands for beauty and inspiration in life. He sends his play to the publisher and waits hopefully. Then he is plunged into despair when he receives the rejection slip. From a drunken drive he lands in jail, but he tells his mother that he will expiate his crime. He becomes a teacher in New York University and continues his frantic pursuit of all knowledge and all experience. He continues his pilgrimage in Europe, and leads a hectic life of dissipation in Paris with his friend, Francis Starwick, and two Boston women. At length, though, the two friends quarrel and separate, and Eugene pursues his pilgrimage alone. Now he begins his great opus. When he takes a boat for home, he has a glimpse of a woman and hears her called Esther.

Then the story of Gant, renamed George Webber, is taken up in *The Web and the Rock* as he makes the acquaintance of Esther, Mrs. Jack, on the steamer coming to America. Wolfe's main object in this novel seems to be to trace the two streams of blood and tradition which struggle for mastery in the spirit of George Webber. There are many new, fine sensations from the life of a child. A new selection of incidents from his early college days is given; and an account of the New York life of Southern men come to the North to take the world by storm is told. Then we skip to his return from Europe and his love affair with the wealthy Jewish woman, Esther Jack. During this period he is still teaching and writing on his novel. Esther Jack is a wonderful character creation and is the best thing that has ever happened to Webber-Wolfe-Gant. There is, however, a perverse strain in his nature that makes

him resent his attachment to her. He associates her with all that is false and cruel and corrupt. She is a symbol of the world against him—the genuine artist. When his book is rejected, he turns on her, quarrels with her, and once again pursues his pilgrimage alone. This pilgrimage ends with a fight in a Munich beer hall, and he finds himself in a hospital. At the conclusion he is contemplating in a mirror his body, and he carries on a dialogue with his soul. He tells the body how nice it would be to return to the home of his childhood memories, but the body says, “Yes, but you can’t go home again.”

And in those words we have the title for the final volume. *You Can’t Go Home Again* opens in April, 1929, with George Webber back in New York and seeing Esther Jack every day. This year sees the publication of his first novel and his final break with Esther Jack. He then goes to a Brooklyn cellar and works desperately for half a decade on his second novel. Now he forms a friendship with a publisher’s reader who has faith in his genius. His greatness is finally publicly proclaimed by the most prominent of American writers. After the publication of his second book he visits Germany and is hailed there as the best loved American artist. But in time he leaves, saddened by the sick spirit of Germany which threatens America herself. Webber differs with his reader friend about the philosophy of life itself. In the final passages of the book he seems to sense the fact that he is going to die.

In the general criticism of his novels the critics say that his work lacks form. But perhaps they appear to lack form because of their great dimensions—his cycle of works probably needed to be finished to make clear a pattern. Another criticism has been that his books are too autobiographical. Wolfe himself states that novels written from actual experiences have more lasting value than those which are imagined. But in spite of believing this, he tried to make his later novels more objective, to deal more in generalization. Wolfe wanted to include in his works the whole of life in its infinite variety, for he did not view life as a detached spectator, but as one who was passionately involved himself. He came to realize that old forms, systems, and prejudices were no longer adequate in American democracy, and he put this into his work. Over a period of years he had planned to cover a hundred and fifty years of American life. It is a pity that he had to die so young and leave his plans in such incomplete form.

He seemed to sense his approaching death when he wrote to his one-time editor, Maxwell Perkins:

Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying:

‘To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth.

‘Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow.’⁵

With this passage which foretells his tragic death, we may see the truth of these words:

Tom Wolfe’s stories (and life) emerge as a mountain spring, reflecting background and surroundings, trickling down a mountain ravine, sometimes in the sunlight and most often in the deep shadows.⁶

⁵George O. Butler, “Sage for America.”

⁶J. B. Hicklin, “Two Giants of Letters.”

The future lay before Thomas Wolfe. It may be true that his genius was unorganized and that his greatest work was yet to come. But now that his hand can no more write such passages as:

Now October has come again which in our land is different from October in the other lands. The ripe, the golden month has come again⁷

we are thankful that those books he wrote are as thick as they are, for they contain some of the most poetic and magnificent prose of our time.

⁷Thomas Wolfe, *Of Time and the River* (New York, 1935) p. 332.



Expectation

GRACE LYONS

The earth awaits the breath of God
Spring's winter sleep to break.
The rich damp fields with upturned sod
Await the seed and rake.

The dark gaunt trees that naked stood
'Gainst bleak gray skies of winter,
Now nestle in their brown rough wood
New buds that springtime center.

The old brown grass is bowing low
To fresh green blades just sprung;
And faded flowers their seed will sow
And wait with pride their young.

The stream that to its narrow birth
Through winter months did keep
Now overflows and to the earth
Brings satisfaction deep.

So long my soul has wintered been;
O God, thy breath now send
And break its slumber held by sin;
With spring its winter end!

The Trademark

ANN EMERSON

IT WAS a raw day in March 1856 when Rachel accompanied by Ellery went shopping for the walnut bureau with the secret drawer which I now proudly own. The puddles in Terre Haute's unpaved streets were frozen firmly over again after last week's thaw. The horses in front of Alf Linker's blacksmith shop, waiting to be shod, puffed their breath out in smoky billows.

Ellery hadn't any business being with Rachel on her shopping expedition. He really shouldn't have quit his job in the surveyor's office until his father had actually got there from Boston. It wouldn't improve old David's temper any to find him idle. But to be going to town at this unaccustomed hour gave him a pleasant feeling of truancy and a sense of flouting authority which as a young married man he should have outgrown. He strode along, head up, shoulders back, as though scorning to bow to the will of the elements. The silky brown beard on his young cheeks and chin would seem incongruous on a twenty-two-year-old's face today. The tussle with the wind had momentarily wiped away his slightly petulant expression.

Rachel trotting beside him was having some ado to make her plump legs keep up with his long thin ones. She was bending her velvet-bonneted head to the wind, holding up her full long skirts the prescribed-by-modesty three inches from the ground with one hand and grasping her warm black cape tightly with the other. Her precious thousand dollar legacy from Aunt Clara was neatly rolled up and pinned in the portion of her attire known as her bosom. Despite her voluminous dress with the whale bones and bustle in which 1856 turned out its young women, Rachel was only a pink-cheeked girl, and like Ellery enjoying the unaccustomedness of this trip to town together.

"O Ellery," gasped Rachel, breathless with the cold wind and the fast clip at which Ellery walked, "do you think your father will like me?"

"What difference does that make?" queried Ellery with maddening indifference. "Let's hope he does like that three hundred acres of bottom land down in the Wabash River curve which Zeth Jones is selling. He can't help seeing I'll make a fortune selling hogs. I'll probably stock a few race horses too. I'll need a couple of good overseers at first. Later on I'll buy some more land and get a good crew of men. I'm certainly glad I'm through with that office work. I need plenty of action; I hate monotony." Before Rachel had celebrated her silver wedding anniversary, she learned many times in many ways that Ellery spoke true words.

The Boniface General Store toward which the two young people were walking held an important and unique place in the town. It was not particularly attractive in appearance. Its display windows would have made an ideal nightmare for a modern window-dresser. They were usually dusty,

completely unlighted except by daylight, and their main decorations were curlicues of fly paper, profusely effective, its being the conviction of Mrs. Boniface that flies seek the light. But once inside the store, one saw a truly marvelous collection of everything the town and farming community used. Brown sugar, pins, paragoric for the baby, a needed screw for a wagon tongue would all come to light from some nook or corner. Eastern bred Ellery was inclined to compare it disparagingly with Boston's larger stores, but Rachel, who had grown up on an Ohio farm, considered it a good shopping center. Mr. Boniface assisted by two sons, two daughters, and a son-in-law presided over the establishment. A large family was a definite asset in 1856. The son-in-law who had a short leg and walked with a peculiar hop undertook to serve Rachel and Ellery. They walked past the groceries where Lily Boniface was weighing up sugar from an open bin, past the dry goods shelf where Margaret Boniface was folding a piece of black silk so lustrous and heavy it could stand alone (a quality expected of a respectable piece of fabric in those days), past a Boniface drawing syrup and kerosene into their respective containers, and a Boniface showing wagons and plows to a farmer, and finally to the furniture department where a right fearsome collection of heavily carved beds, tables, and chairs was assembled. Mr. Boniface himself was in this section of the store. He nodded pleasantly to Rachel and Ellery and indifferently to his son-in-law. Rumor had it that he was not too pleased when his big-boned daughter chose the cripple for a husband.

Rachel loved my bureau the moment she saw it.

"We will take this one, Ellery," she said with dignity. "I like the curly grain in the paneling on the drawers. These two little boxes that sit up on top of the marble will be so nice to keep our handkerchiefs in. The headboard of the bed is even higher than my sister Emma's, and she bought hers in Toledo."

Ellery did not answer. He was frowning at the cripple's look of surprise when Rachel brought her funds to light and counted out her two hundred dollars. It didn't worry Ellery that his wife was using her own money to buy a bedroom suite, but it would have annoyed him to have anyone think they were not affluent enough to buy anything they wished.

"And see here, ma'am," the crippled boy pointed out, "here is a secret drawer way down here at the bottom. You can put the rest of your money in it when you get home."

This seemed like sound advice. Banks were scarce and complicated and not too greatly to be trusted. Practically every home contained hiding-places such as chair bottoms and slits in the featherbed in which money was secreted. So when Rachel got home she placed the rest of her money together with her breast pin in the secret drawer and went busily about getting ready for the awe-inspiring visit of her father-in-law.

Ellery had been one of the restless young Easterners who had heeded Horace Greeley's command. He had not only gone West as Indiana was then considered, but had married himself a Western wife. Hence Rachel had never seen any of his family. Had she been given her choice, she certainly would have chosen for her introduction to the family any other member than stern old David who had risen from the ranks to the position of president of his railroad. Judging from his letters, she felt he was not sympathetic to Ellery's restless temperament.

The next day when old David alighted from the train, he was not in the best humor. A railroad trip in those days was not a comfortable undertaking. His dry unemotional Boston greeting "Well Ellery," and "Howdy do, Rachel," gave no inkling of his sudden feeling of relief when he saw his new daughter-in-law. Ellery's taste in women hadn't always been to his father's liking. This girl with her clear, grey eyes and fresh complexion was good all the way through, he could see. He did not consider her pretty. She was too plump and dimpled faced to suit his Boston idea of beauty; he preferred the thin, narrow faced type. But he liked her instantly. Why in tunket she had fallen for Ellery he didn't then, nor ever, understand. He liked her impeccably clean house, her tender roast beef, and, epitome of praise from a Bostonian, her baked beans, and mince pie.

But he did not like Ellery's plan. It dimmed Rachel's pleasure in his approval of her and dismayed her too to see his eyes turn cold and his jaw set sternly when Ellery sulkily told him he had quit his job in the surveyor's office.

"But father," protested Ellery, "this is a great opportunity—; there is no future in sitting around a surveyor's office all day."

"There is no future in anything, no matter how promising," replied David firmly, "unless one expects to see it through. We will not discuss it anymore now. I will think it over."

"He has decided against it," said Ellery dejectedly to Rachel later in their own room. His broad young shoulders had a slightly forlorn droop to them that made Rachel's heart ache. Even the splendor of her ornamental bed and the knowledge that her lovely bureau was standing in the gloom of the opposite wall were unable to soothe her into dropping off to sleep. She lay quietly so as not to disturb Ellery, but her mind was in turmoil.

II

So very quiet was the slight noise the door made as it opened from the hall that at first Rachel didn't believe it was opening. She strained her eyes to see it. There was such a young moon outside that the room was almost but not totally dark. Could it be Ellery's father? But of course not. Old David's dignity made it unthinkable. She had imagined it. But no—the door was open. A huge shape stood motionless in the room. Somehow Rachel knew when it decided to approach the bed and stood quietly listening to her and Ellery's breathing. She closed her eyes and breathed a short prayer over and over. "Please don't let Ellery wake up." She knew without knowing how she knew when the shape moved from the bed to the bureau. She opened her eyes again and gave a slight start. The intruder was a man, and he hopped a bit when he walked. One leg was shorter than the other. Old Boniface's crippled son-in-law. In that case thought Rachel, wildly grateful, he will know where the money is and take it and go. And that was exactly what he did.

Rachel lay perfectly limp for an hour after the intruder's departure. She knew if Ellery had awakened he would have challenged the thief in no uncertain terms. Whatever else one might say of her husband, no one could question his physical bravery. Burglars are seldom unarmed, and Rachel shuddered to think of the consequences.

Some of all this she tried to explain to her husband and his father the next morning. Ellery was quite annoyed with her.

"And you've no idea who it was?" he questioned.

Rachel shook her head. The Bonifaces were too powerful a family in the community for her to make against them a charge which she might not be able to prove. Old David regarded her silently. Knowing his hot headed son, he too thought it well he had not been awakened. He also shrewdly suspected that Rachel had recognized her visitor. Here was a young woman possessed of bravery, loyalty, and the capability of making a cool snap judgment. "How in tunket—but forget it." If this girl couldn't make a go of it with his irresponsible son, no one could.

"Ellery," he said quietly, "we'll step over now and bargain for the land. I also want to be sure the house on it is in first class shape for Rachel before I go back East."

When David and his astoundedly delighted son had taken their departure, Rachel went in to look at her bureau. There was a small deep scratch on the secret drawer. She rubbed it vigorously but to no avail. It is still there—the trademark of Boniface's crippled son-in-law.

Nickelodian

(In the manner of Vachel Lindsay)

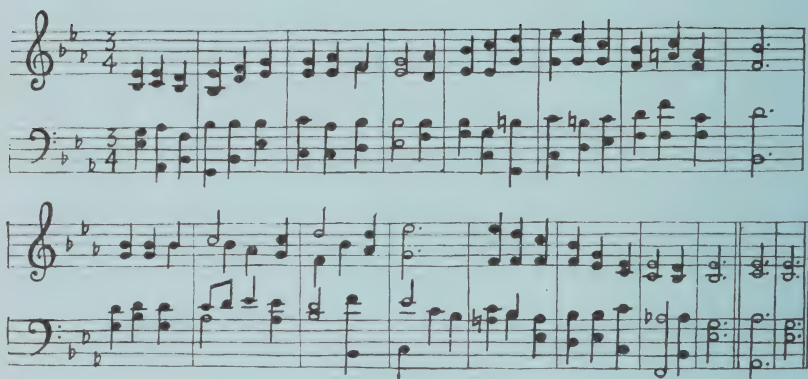
GRACE LYONS

- (*Slowly*) Big green eyes with an insane gleam
Lurid lights like a devil's dream.
Hungry mouth gulping nickels down
Make those records go 'round and 'round!
How he loves being center of it all.
- (*Faster*) Feed him, feed him; get on the ball!
Feet get restless—shoulders sway,
Hear him give out Sammy Kay.
Beat it out with a one-and-two,
See them doing the Susie-Q.
- (*Faster*) Now he shrieks with a licorice stick;
Now he chatters with a drummer's click.
Faster and faster the nickels flow,
Wilder and wilder the dancers go.
- (*Faster*) Hair comes tumbling — eyes grow bright,
Lips are parted — breath grows slight.
Faces flushed with beaded lips,
Stamping feet and swaying hips.
- (*Slowly*) Now he sobs with a saxophone,
Now he croons with a trumpet's drone.
Feet slow down to a two-and-four,
Faces flushed grow pale once more.
- (*Slowly*) With no more records to give the beat,
And big fat tummy full of nickel meat,
The nickelodian with two soft sighs
Turns off his lights and quietly dies.

My Prayer

Margaret MacKenzie

Virginia Brosius



When I am tempted to leave my cross,
When I am weary of naught but loss,
Oh, give me strength and grace and power
To trust thee more with every hour.

When sin in subtlety of form
Would tempt my soul or cause alarm,
Ah, give me vision each day anew
Thy face to see, thy will to do.

Fulfillment

GRACE LYONS

Two dreams that were by two hearts kept,
Each in a personality;
Though once apart, one day they met
And burst into reality.

Pansy Lady

VIRGINIA SCOTT

Oh, little pansy, why so shy,
Just peeping there where none can spy?
The sun is bright; the world is clear;
And you've been sleeping all the year—
So don your dress of velvet blue
And wash your tiny face with dew;
I wish to take you from your lair
And wear you proudly in my hair.

Samson

FLORA ANN NOWELL

Blind to all but my own weakness,
Silently I tread
Around the mill that grinds the grain
For enemies; my head
I bow in shame and weep a bit
For my old self, now dead;
For the days when I filled all the land
With turbulence and dread.
I long for the feel of a sword once more,
For the days when bugles blew
As with the jaw bone of an ass
A thousand men I slew.
And, oh, for the strength I once possessed,
For the power I once knew
When with my bare hands I could tear
A full-grown lion in two.
To think I gave up all of this—
All thoughts and actions grand—
For the feel of a woman's kiss,
The touch of her little hand.

Poems by Betty Barber

The Fairies Tea

The fairies had a tea today,
Took place in my back yard.
The way in which I found this out
Was really not so hard,
For I just saw the grasses move,
Bend down, and then divide.
I tiptoed down the stepping stones,
And stooped down just beside
The mound of moss and buttercups
Where they began to meet.
They greeted one another in
A manner, oh, so sweet!
Their tea was not a bit like ours,
For no one was the host.
But everyone just brought along
Some tea or jam or toast.
Then after they had finished tea,
They sang and danced and played.
They seemed to have the best of fun,
And I'm so glad I stayed.
But all at once I ruined it all—
I sneezed so long and loud
That when I opened up my eyes
The scene was just a cloud
Of dust and leaves and nothing else.
And so until this day
I've never found my fairy friends.
Say, have they passed your way?

Fantasy

"Boo!" he cried.
I jumped with fright,
For there I was
Without a light.
But as I looked
The dark grew bright.
I never will
Forget that sight—
A bluegreen elf
Sat on a twig.
His eyes were crossed,
He wore a wig.
He chewed a straw
And crossed his legs.
His pants were held
By wooden pegs.
"Come on and play,"
He said to me
And hopped down from
The willow tree.
"I can't," I said;
"It's time for bed."
He looked at me
And cocked his head.
"Ho-ho," he cried,
"You're in the bed!"
I sat up straight,
But he had fled.
Now where could be
That willow tree?
And where is he?
And am I me?

The Watchman

A lightning bug, one twilight eve
Stretched out his wings and yawned,
"Oh, law, it's time for wuhk I 'spose,
I'se wuhked since I was bawned."

He fetched his little lantern bright
And closed his cabin door;
He spread his wings and rose aloft;
He only worked till four.

So in and out the cabbage leaves
He made his nightly round;
A watchman's job was his, you see:
He covered every mound.

"Dat you?" he asked each passerby
And peered into each face;
He held his little lantern high—
Of fear 'twas not a trace.

And you may see each twilight eve
This fellow passing by.
"I wuhk from dusk till dawn each night.
I'm plumb wore out," he'll sigh.

Journey

A toy balloon passed o'er my head
And dangling down were two red strings.
Then all at once I jumped from bed
And grabbed them both and grew pink wings.
I journeyed way beyond a star,
Then coasted over by a hill.
I threw the toy balloon afar
And floated down beside a mill.
I folded up my big pink wings
And brushed my hair so long and red.
I looked around, took off my rings,
Closed both my eyes, walked straight ahead.
I opened up my eyes and saw
A Blobble sitting on a stump,
A-sewing up his Sunday Caw
And mending on his Monday glump.
He looked at me with one glass eye
And winked and chewed his little mouth.
He told me just to pass on by,
So then I turned directly south.
Green bells were hanging from the clouds
And music filled the rays of sun.
And under trees were standing crowds
Of all day suckers having fun.
Three marshmallows went marching by
And turned cartwheels in bluegreen ink.
A tadpole danced in purple dye,
And all the world grew dusty pink.
A screwball tried to spin a top
As my balloon went drifting by,
When all at once I heard it POP!
I turned in bed and gave a sigh.

The Queen of May

A-creeping from a tulip's bud,
A-peeping o'er the top,
A caterpillar peered about,
Then gave a little flop.

Sliding down the tulip stem
She gave a little wriggle,
And if you stooped quite close enough
You'd hear a little giggle.

'Tis time of Spring and roses red,
Of robins' eggs bluegreen.
Enthralled by these exciting sights,
She chose herself May Queen.

She made a train of eiderdown,
A gown of milkweed silk,
A crown of dewdrops small, and fed
On honeydew and milk.

As others passed along her path,
She stopped them on their way,
"Let's skip the light fantastic, all;
I am the Queen of May."



Book Reviews

James Ullman: The White Tower

SUZANNE BLACKMON

IN THE WHITE TOWER, as in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the characters are the chief interest. But this comparison cannot go on: the *Canterbury Tales* is a classic, a time-honored piece of literature; *The White Tower* is too recent a work to be judged as a classic. Perhaps it is merely that their patterns are similar, and it is not an unfamiliar one—that in which all of the characters go through the same experience with different reactions because of their particular motives and personalities. In this narrative the characters do one of two things: they reach triumphantly the summit of their desires, or they plummet to the depths.

The White Tower is a revelation of the characters involved in a mountain-climbing expedition who feel they must climb the mountain "because it is there." Mr. Ullman gives a realistic treatment of an international situation painted in terms of the hopes, fears, and passions of six people. The source of greatness in each is the compelling power that drove them all through their blinding experiences.

The tale moves somewhat slowly, but it holds the interest of the reader through the minor plot movements, skillfully interspersed between the major events. The climax is powerful, and it is in itself a tribute to the American soldier. *The White Tower* is a highly interesting interpretation of life and people.



Erich Maria Remarque: Arch of Triumph

GRACE LYONS

IN APPRAISING *Arch Of Triumph*, one reviewer has said of its author, Erich Maria Remarque, "He reaches the heights in this stirring new book, his first in five years"; but to this reader it would seem rather that he reaches the depths—depths of the grim reality of life in tragic Paris

in the days when she awaited her assault by Germany, powerless because of the cancers of immorality, riotous living, and treachery which had slowly but with deadly persistence sapped her strength.

From the viewpoint of historical information, Remarque might just as well have not written *Arch of Triumph*; but from the viewpoint of humanitarianism, he has given to the public a novel rich in the drama of revenge, shocking and stirring in its love story, and vivid in its picture of a great city and a great culture on the brink of disaster.

This is a story, sordid at times in its frankness, centering in Ravic, a German refugee, a skilled surgeon, living incognito at the Hotel International and eking out an existence by performing secretly difficult operations for Veber, a famous Paris doctor, who is afraid to do them himself. Ravic, a philosopher of bitter logic, is haunted by two faces—the dead one of his German sweetheart Sybil, who hanged herself rather than undergo tortures by the Gestapo; and the living one of Haake, his torturer in a German concentration camp—and lives only for the moment of revenge which he knows will come when he one day sees Haake again.

Joan Madou comes into his life when he finds her wandering alone through the Paris streets at night, sick and confused by the death of her lover. Ravic befriends her, then tries to dismiss her from his life, but finds that her dependence upon him and her sudden passionate love for him make it impossible for him to send her away. In their life together Ravic finds relief from the strain of his uncertain existence; but finds also new despair and bitterness in Joan who, although she loves him, seems unable to resist the lure of material luxuries which she can have only through men other than Ravic.

The movement of this novel steadily increases in tempo, and the reader is ever conscious of a growing undercurrent of tension and impending disaster which finally explodes in Ravic's terrible destruction of Haake, and in the high tragedy of Joan's death. It ends on a blacked-out night in Paris, hours before the arrival of German troops, as Ravic and the other refugees are carried away in trucks through the Arch of Triumph to a French concentration camp.



Peter Bowman: Beach Red

SUZANNE BLACKMON

IN FIRST LOOKING into Peter Bowman's *Beach Red* one will think that what he has is a new book of poetry, war poetry. But it is not; it is prose, and it is to be read as such. It is, however, arranged in a "military manner" because it is a military tale—hence its poetic appearance.

Beach Red treats a short and fascinating time out of a boy's life, the time in which he lands from an assault boat and with his comrades-in-arms beats his way inland.

The hero of *Beach Red* is "You," you with all of the emotions that the reader feels within himself as he reads this book. It is perhaps due to the anonymity of "You" that the patrol carried out by a small group of men is one of the most realistic and terrifying experiences recounted in any book to come out of this war.

Beach Red is dedicated to the unreturning. Our only regret is that they could not have read this little monument to them before they died. We may not entirely understand this unusual book, but we feel they would have grasped it perfectly. It must be the epitome of what so many of them felt as they went into battle. They might not have been able to transform into words what they felt; it is the Peter Bowmans of this war who must do that for them.



Evelyn Waugh: Brideshead Revisited

IRENE BAME

IN HIS LATEST NOVEL, *Brideshead Revisited*, Evelyn Waugh weaves into story form the vividness and brilliance of tradition in the life of one of England's noble families. He brings into play all of the wit, feeling, and imagination of one who sees and understands life. The reader is immediately aware of the conflict that is present between religion and materialism and the effect that this has upon those experiencing it.

In brief, *Brideshead Revisited* is the story of the Marchmains, and it is told by Charles Ryder who revisits their old home, Brideshead, during the war. As Captain Ryder remembers and relates, the members of this unusual and noble family are brought into the foreground. Outstanding among the personalities are the youngest and most appealing son, Sebastian, who becomes an alcoholic in his attempt to escape bondage to his mother, Julia who in her marriage defies church and family; and Ryder himself who is drawn irresistibly into the center of this extraordinary family. This is a story of strain and tension caused by different temperaments and faiths; it is a story of human nature in the midst of all its emotions.

Waugh portrays in his works the brilliance and technique of a promising writer. Indeed he shows promise of becoming one of England's most outstanding authors as this, his latest novel, reaches popularity in the United States as well as in his native country.

Daphne Du Maurier: The King's General

JUNE HOLDER

DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S latest attempt to imbue pure history with her usual fictitious pattern of romance and adventure produces a novel packed with attractions for the modern reader. *The King's General* is a work of fiction on a grand scale. It has the expansive sweep of *Hungry Hill*, the suspense and excitement of *Rebecca*, and the swashbuckling romance of *Frenchman's Creek*. Yet it is also an informative work. Seldom indeed does one find the mere facts of history so attractively arranged for his reading pleasure.

The plot centers around the Puritan Revolt in seventeenth century England; but more specifically it tells the story of Richard Grenville, the king's general in the west. Honor Harris first met his self-centered but dashing young officer at the Duke of Buckingham's ball on her eighteenth birthday. Their ensuing courtship in an apple tree forms one of the most delightful portions of the book. But disaster—personal and national—strikes; and the two are separated. The main portion of the novel then is devoted to the fortunes of Grenville as he fights for his king and his country with only brief respites in which to receive comfort and encouragement from the woman he loves. The novel is indeed highly dramatic as crisis follows crisis in the developments of the struggle. A boy crying in the night, a soft footstep on the creaking stair, a stone in the wall sweeping slowly out of place—events such as these give the novel the du Maurier touch and contribute greatly to the dramatic suspense of the whole.

The characters, it would seem, are drawn chiefly from the author's former novels. Honor Harris is Miss du Maurier's usual high-spirited, reckless heroine, and Richard Grenville is almost an exact copy of the notorious hero of *Frenchman's Creek*. Gartred Grenville, moreover, is fully as dynamically dangerous as the author's other siren, Rebecca. The combination of these separate character types in one novel produces moving drama and a powerful interchange of hate and love which spring from vigorous, clashing personalities.

The book is beautifully written and shows a great amount of detailed research. A large novel in the best sense, it is different from the author's other work because it does combine her usual drama and romantic adventure with minute historical fact. And *The King's General* has depth and meaning for the modern reader in its timely subject matter, the universal struggle of war. A novel of the past, it nevertheless is universal in its scope, its characters, and its powerful drama.



Editorials

Preparation

WHEN THE AMERICAN girl enters college, she is intellectually, emotionally, and socially immature. But during her four years at college she becomes a woman, ready to take an active part in the life of her home, the work of her community, and the progress of the world.

We at Queens College are especially fortunate that our college years are spent in a Christian college with a high standard of scholarship and citizenship. Here, in an atmosphere of love, service, and study, we are led by men and women who give themselves for our education that we may become women worthy of our college.

When we leave this college, we will not leave behind these influences; for their imprint will be so firm upon our lives that we could never shake them off, if we should wish to do so. At Queens College the process of education includes more than courses of study; it includes the tendering of opportunities for improving ourselves in preparation for the rest of our lives. If we make the most of these opportunities, we will be women true to our home, to our college, to our country, to our God.

Ann Perry



The Belk Memorial Chapel

TO EVERY QUEENS student who had dreamed of, and even dared hope for, a campus chapel, this year 1945-46 will surely stand out as the year that saw the fulfillment of that dream. We have long felt the need of a place dedicated wholly to the enrichment of our spiritual lives, and we feel that the Belk Memorial Chapel will realize this need. The mere presence of

a chapel will be a constant reminder of the presence of God, a reminder of the good and the beautiful when all around us seems discolored by stern reality. We can temper our lives by the atmosphere of calm reverence that it lends, by the suggestion of spiritual beauty. The chapel will provide a place where we can worship together, a place more effective and more inspiring because it is truly the house of God.

It will provide a place where we can worship alone: there will be times when we will feel discouraged, disillusioned—there we can find new hope and new strength by quiet contemplation of things that transcend momentary disappointments. We believe that in future years the chapel will become an essential part of a college whose students feel the need of spiritual guidance.

Mary McGill

